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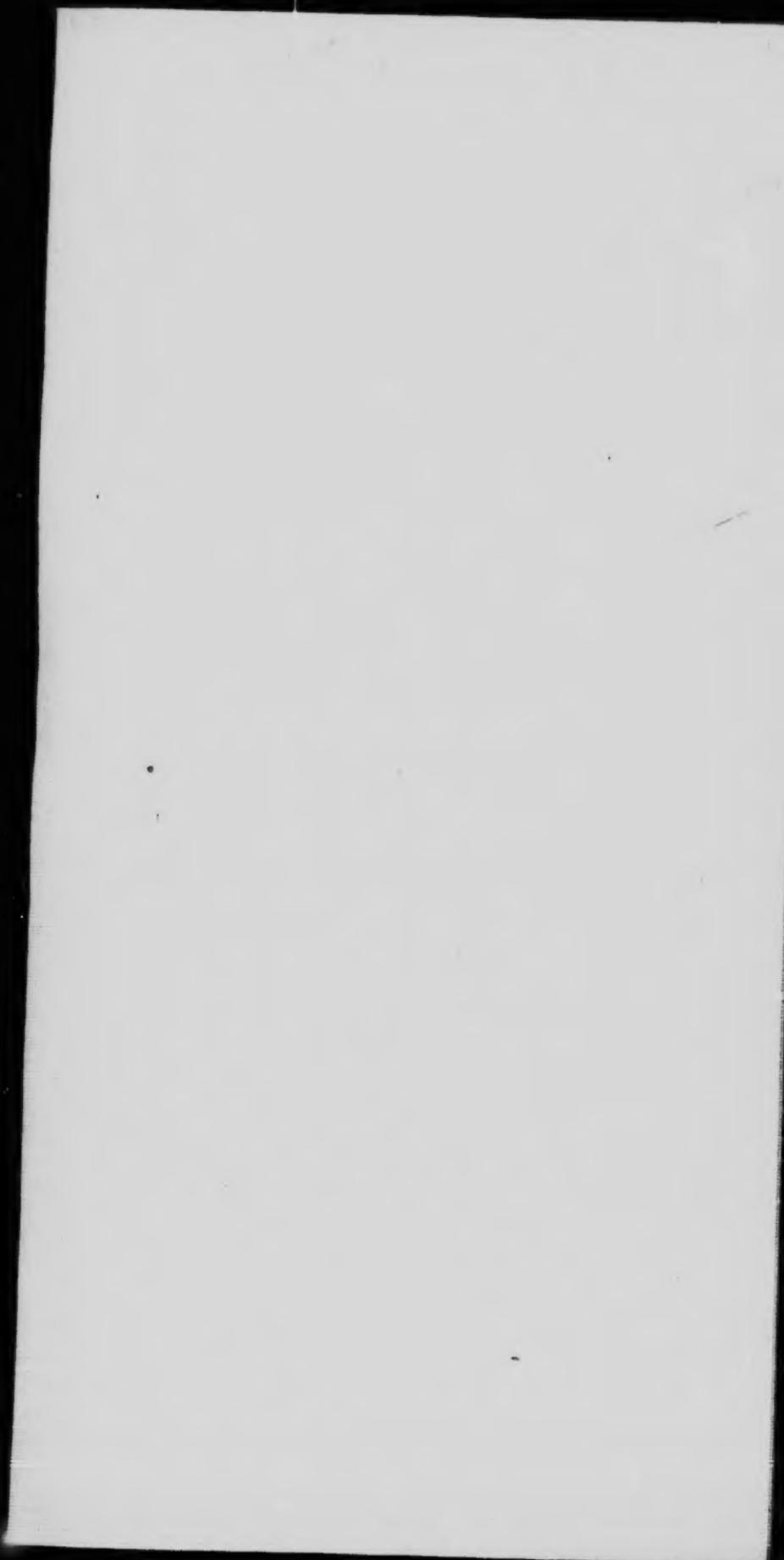
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from
James H. Rees





The Irvine River at Elora, Ont.
near its junction with
the Grand

Stories and Musings

**By
JAMES
L.
HUGHES**

**PART I
Love Stories**

**PART II
True Stories of the
So-called "Bad"**

**PART III
Musings Various**

**WILLIAM
BRIGGS
TORONTO
1917**

PS8515
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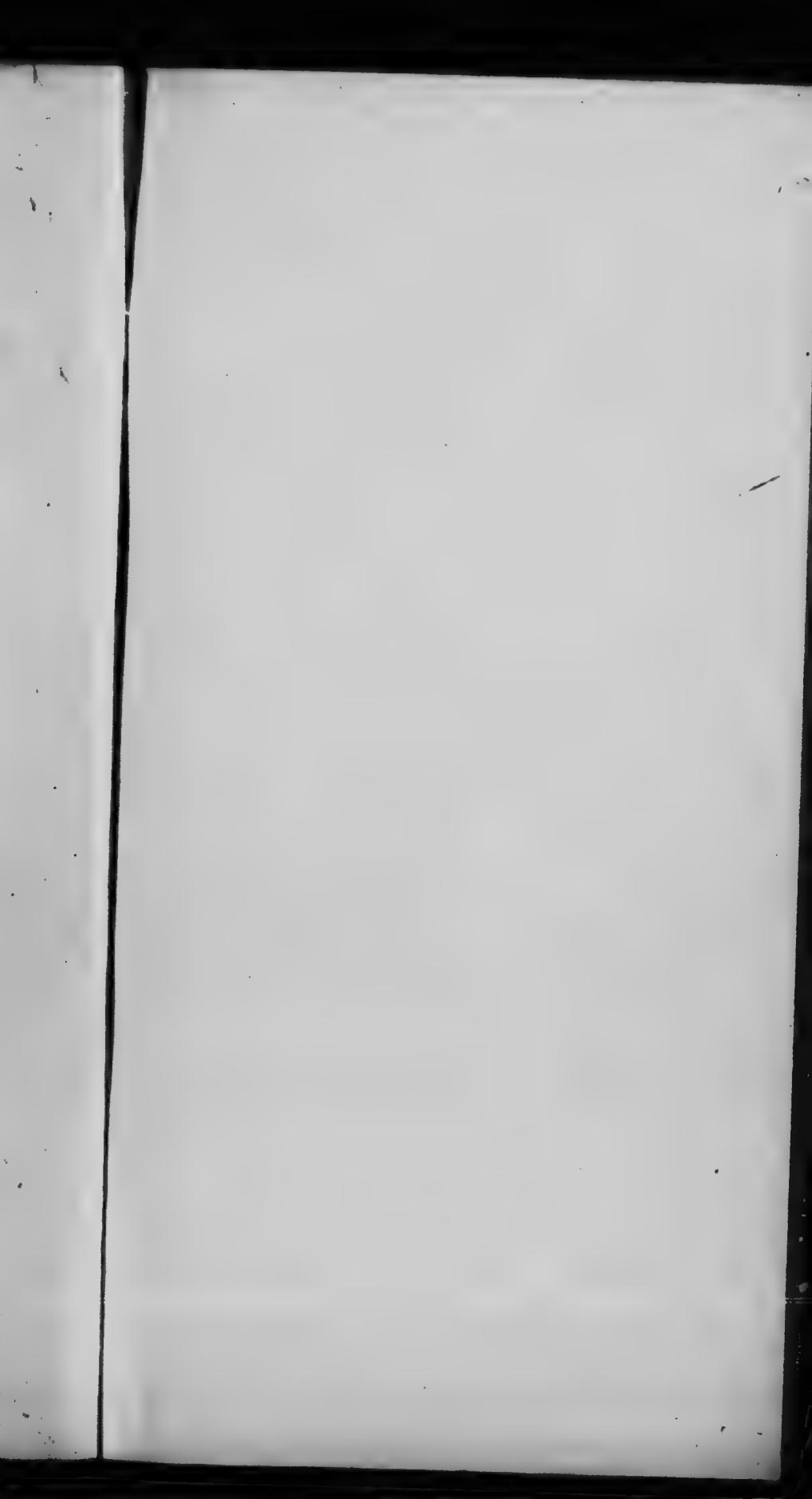
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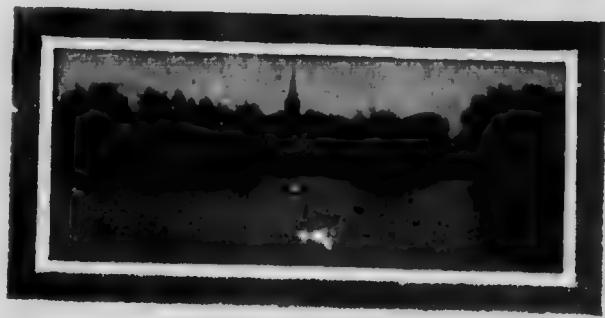
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PART I.
LOVE STORIES







MERRY MAY

MERRIEST girl in the school was May,
Leader in study, adept in play,
Radiant with smiles was her winsome face,
Queenly yet simple, unmatched in grace.
Yielding with joy to her witching sway
All hearts were won by the gladsome May.

Pride of the village grew Merry May,
Guide of the people in work and play.
Years had unfolded her charms and powers;
Buds of her girlhood bloomed fairest flowers;
Rare was her beauty of heart and mind;
Pure was her soul-hood serene, refined;
Bright was the light in her dark brown eye,
Clearly revealing her purpose high;
True to her vision, alert and strong;
Leader of forces against the wrong.
When the dark clouds of a social strife
Threatened the peace of the village life,
Hers was the wisdom that stilled the storm,
Hers was the love-fire that kept hearts warm,
Yet she was blithesome, and free, and gay,
Happy, as if but a girl at play.

Lovers came courting and went away
Leaving unkindled the heart of May.
Lovers returned and proposed, but she
Told them all kindly her heart was free.

"Mystery," gossiped the friends of May,
"She has a lover unknown," said they.
"Crossed in her love" was another key
Tried to unlock her heart mystery.
Last of the gossips a woman said,
Solemnly shaking her old grey head,
"If she would stay in her home and do
Woman's own work, she would be more true;
Women who meddle with man's work lose
Softness, and shyness that all men choose."
Little they knew of the heart of May,
Gossiping there on that bright June day.

None of them knew that on that same day
Mother sat close by the side of May
Under an apple tree, rich in bloom,
Filling the air with its sweet perfume,
Tenderly stroking her daughter's head,
Waiting for strength till at last she said,
"Daughter! A mother can always see
Things that to others may hidden be.
Have you a shadow of fond regret?
Is there a lover you can't forget?
What would you say if one came again
Wooing? Dear, what would you answer then?"
"None who have spoken," said honest May,
"Touched my best life, so what should I say?
But there is one who has made earth new,
Made all the true things to me more true.
He has not spoken, and yet I know
Life's greatest love in my heart does glow.
Shadow you saw? 'Twas the dread that he
Never might offer his love to me.
Fear not, dear mother, that I will show
Too soon to him that I love him. No!"

Modesty watchful a guard will keep
Over my heart, where my love lies deep."
Mother that night, as she knelt to pray,
Asked special comfort for pensive May.

He was a teacher, a farmer's son,
Humble his home, and though he had won
Honors at college, he still was shy.
Lover was he of the earth and sky;
Bird songs, and flowers, and stars, and trees,
Deep were the joys that he found in these.
Happy was he when a little child
Trusting looked in his face and smiled;
But he was shy, as he well might be,
When he was met in society.
It was to him a new world unknown;
Much in the past he had lived alone.

Asleep was his heart till he met fair May
Bearing a basket of ferns one day.
Heavy the basket and long the road;
"Lady," said he, "may I take your load?"
"You may not take it," sweet May replied,
"But you may share it"; so side by side
Slowly they carried the ferns that day
Home to the garden of radiant May.

Two hearts awoke on that epoch day,
Life had new meaning to merry May;
He was transformed by Love's kindling light;
Stars never shone as they did that night.
Back in the gloaming he went again,
Back to the spot near the pine-crowned glen,
Went he to stand on the hallowed ground,
Worshipping God with the joy he found.

Long did he stand in the moonlight there
Dreaming of May, till a dark despair
Settled upon him. "O fool," said he,
"Vain is your hope that she e'er can be
Yours. She belongs to a higher sphere;
'Twas but heart-madness that brought you here."
Through the long night he suffered on. On
Till at the glow of awaking dawn
Love-light returned to his heart, and then
Gratitude swept through his soul again.
"Glory was mine for an hour," said he,
"Its light will shine through eternity."

Often he went to his sacred shrine,
Temple of love in the grove of pine;
Went there to worship through love of May
Close to the place where she stood that day.
Once at the close of the day he stood,
Reverently, in the old pine wood,
Watching the afterglow through the trees.
Suddenly over the summer breeze
Floated her voice from the road to him—
Thrilling his soul as a vesper hymn.
She, too, had come to the place, where she
Met him that day of her destiny.
"Tell him, O breeze, of this love of mine,
Tell him to hear it in singing pine,
Tell him to see it in afterglow,
Tell him the love that I dare not show."

Startled was she when the loved one came
Out from his shrine, and with heart afame
Told how he loved her, but had not dared
Hope that with him could her love be shared.
Told of his vigil beneath the pine,

How from his darkness came light divine,
Vision of duty and insight new,
Faith in his power to be and do.

Pledged they their vows in the gloaming there
Life with its duties and joys to share.
Then, as the sun ere it sank to rest
Painted the sky in the golden west,
Home to her mother they went, and told
The world's great story that ne'er grows old.
Mother that night, when she knelt to pray,
Thanked the Kind Father for happy May.

MY LOST JEAN

DEAR Jean, I often sit and dream
Of flowers that bloomed beside the stream
In which I paddled free, alone,
When earth and sky were all my own.
More exquisite the flowers grew
Year after year, until with you
I walked one great June day. We took
The path beside my singing brook
Across the valley to the glen,
And in the gloaming back again.

Enchanted by your charm each flower
Responded with its highest power.
Marsh marigolds with yellow gleam
Outlined the margin of the stream;
Lobelia, cardinal and blue,
Unfurled bright flags to welcome you;
The jewel-weed and bellwort, too,
Swung their sweet bells to ring for you;
The violets and blue-eyed grass
Smiled shyly when they saw you pass;
The crane's-bill and anemone
Opened their hearts that you might see;
The meadow-sweet and meadow-rue
In intertwining beauty grew;
The trumpet-weed and turtle-head
Stood high "to kiss your hand," they said.

When we had reached the rocky glen,
We left the singing stream, and then
Wake-robins white, pink columbine,
And blood-root to their bower fine
Invited us to rest, where we
The wide, rich meadowland could see.
The mountain fringe high on the trees
Waved gracefully upon the breeze,
And sitting there we looked away
Across a field of white that day.
Ten thousand marguerites were there
Bowing, their greeting to declare;
And groups of black-eyed Susans told
Their love from lips of purest gold.
My heart awaked to glory new,
And I, too, told my love to you.
We cut two sprays of eglantine;
You gave me yours, I gave you mine.

Oh! nevermore can heartglow be
So sweet as on that day to me.
The flowers may bloom as fair as then,
But you can never come again.
With heart so sore and grief so deep,
Jean, when at last you fell asleep,
I took your dear, cold hand in mine,
And in it shut our eglantine.

THE BITTER-SWEET AT THE BRIDGE

'TWAS one of Autumn's matchless days;
October's Indian Summer haze
Lay over hill and valley spread;
The maples, olive, yellow, red,
Their painted leaves dropped gently down,
To mingle with the oak leaves brown,
And cover up the flowers deep
To keep them warm in Winter's sleep.

Out in my cornfield near the wood
With grateful heart I silent stood,
The river ran between the hills
Along the valley to my mills
A mile away, and on each side
My fruitful acres, rich and wide
In fallow field and meadow lay
That happy, epoch Autumn day.

My father died and left to me
His farms and mills. At twenty-three
My schooldays over; still heart free;
I dreamed of life and destiny.
I loved the freedom of the farm,
And Nature's ever-changing charm,
So, I decided I would stay
With mother on the farm that day.

Aroused from dreaming, I could hear
A carriage on the highway near.
Two ladies, young and happy, drove
Along the road beside the grove

THE

;

down

.

"Out in my cornfield near the wood
With



"Out in my cornfield near the wood
With grateful heart I silent stood..

Down to the bridge, where temptingly
Long vines of bitter-sweet hung free
In orange clusters from a beech
Above their heads just out of reach.

One climbed the bridge rail at the side;
Well poised she stood, and vainly tried
The prize to gain. At length her scream
Awoke me from my vision dream.
I ran with death a thrilling race;
I leaped the fence at hurdle pace;
I saw her floating still and white,
And caught her, as she sank from sight.

I carried her ashore. Her head
Was bleeding, and she lay as dead.
While in my arms I held her still,
Her sister drove us up the hill
To mother, and she always knew
In trouble what was best to do.
The doctor came and found her yet
Unconscious, so I went to get
Her mother, fourteen miles away,
That with her daughter she might stay.

While she an anxious vigil kept
Throughout the night, her daughter slept.
When morning came, above her head
She raised her hands, and faintly said,
"I cannot reach it." When she spoke
Her mother kissed her, and she woke,
Looked at her mother in surprise,
Smiled sweetly then, and closed her eyes.

The doctor ordered rest, and said
"She must remain a week in bed."
Long seemed the slow-winged days to me

Until the afternoon, when she
Sat on the balcony, and I
First saw the soul light in her eye,
First heard the music of her tone,
And knew that life had richer grown.

The happy days passed quickly then,
Each day we rambled in the glen,
Or over hill and valley drove
Passed winding stream and blushing grove.
Avoiding it for Molly's sake
One road I did not dare to take.
Each day our friendship stronger grew
Each day her charms gave rapture new.

A longer ride we took one day
Across the blue hills far away,
And hanging o'er a fence we found
Great bitter-sweet that reached the ground.
Fair Molly clapped her hands in glee;
"O get some branches, Carl," said she,
"For bitter-sweet will ever be
The dearest vine of all to me."

I placed rare clusters in her arms:
She blushed—I yielded to her charms,
And kissed her. In the afterglow
We took the river road to go
Home by the bridge from which she fell.
I stopped beneath the beech to tell
My love. She laid her queenly head
Close on my breast, and softly said,
"Dear Carl! You saved my life, and now
With my whole heart I gladly vow
To live to make your life complete;
We'll share the bitter and the sweet."

THE BACHELOR'S TALE

'TWAS at the club one Autumn night
Five comrades sat with pipes alight,
Five benedicts were they, and when
I made the sixth, these married men
Began to sympathize with me
And wonder why I still was free.
Each told with rapture of his wife,
And spoke with scorn of single life.
"Why don't you marry, Tom?" they said;
"You'll ne'er be happy till you're wed."

"Good friends," I said, when they were done,
"The world's best woman I have won."
"No! No!" they said; "that cannot be."
But I replied, "She's best for me."
To love susceptible my heart
Was early pierced by Cupid's dart;
I worshipped my enchanting queen.
She was a woman at nineteen,
While I was but a youth, so she
Made my love madness clear to me.

My torn heart healed, but buried deep
Beneath its scars love lay asleep,
Nor did its torpor trouble me.
At thirty-five I was heart-free,
Till first I saw my Florence; then
My love burst into flame again.

I did not feel impending fate,
I was not hoping for a mate,
But suddenly my heart stood still,
Then glowed with love's ecstatic thrill.

Invited by a new-found friend,
I went with him a week to spend;
I walked one sunny afternoon
Through his grand woods. The flowers of June
Smiled at me with their richest bloom
And filled the air with sweet perfume.
I reached his boundary and stood
Rejoicing that all life was good,
When through the bushes I could hear
A woman's sweet-toned voice quite near.

I stepped aside for clearer view,
And that she was my own I knew.
Fine ladies I had often met
Who were both fair and wise, and yet
They gave my long-locked heart no thrill—
My dormant love slept soundly still;
But in an instant it awoke
And all the cords that bound it broke,
When patting her fine horse's head,
"I love you, darling Tom," she said.

Her auburn hair, her charming face,
Her step so full of buoyant grace,
Her vital movements, easy, free,
Her look of conscious dignity;
All these I saw, but I had known
These charms in others—she alone
Could stir my deepest life and be
The glory kindling light in me.

Love had grown strong through years of rest,
And reigned triumphant in my breast.

My friend a dinner gave that night;
I sat her there, and hope grew bright.
My hostess, keen with woman's art,
Soon saw the ardor of my heart,
And skilfully her plans she made
My matrimonial plans to aid.
With Flo each day I rode or drove.
One afternoon beside the grove
I stopped and said: "One day I stood
Beyond those bushes in the wood;
I saw you pat your horse that day.
I breathless stood, and heard you say:
'I love you, darling Tom,' and knew
That I could win life's best with you.
My name is Tom; oh! say again
The same great words," and then
"I love you, darling Tom," she said.
Thanksgiving day we shall be wed.

THE THANKSGIVING PICNIC

EDWARD BROWN loved Minnie Green;
He was twenty, she nineteen.
In a valley near a wood
Their two homes together stood.
They in childhood's days had played
In the grass-grown forest glade;
They in May-time's happy hours
In the meadow gathered flowers;
They had loved the shady nook
Close beside the purling brook,
Where they learned the melodies
Of the song birds in the trees;
So as childhood passed away
Closer friends they grew each day.

School days came, and girl and boy,
Waking to a greater joy,
Walked together, happy still,
To the school house on the hill.
As their lives with higher view
Were enriched by visions new;
Each one to the other brought
Wealth of clearer, deeper thought,
Till between them strongly grew
Comradeship serene and true.
Youth with conscious power came,
Giving friendship nobler aim,
Till at length his heart awoke,
But no word of love he spoke;
"She, I know, can think of me
Only as a friend," thought he,
"And I dare not let her know
That I feel love's thrilling glow."

Never dreamed he that she knew
His fond love, and loved him too.

So until Thanksgiving Day
From her home he kept away,
And had sought but sought in vain
Some relief for love's strange pain,
For no matter what he'd do,
Stronger his heart hunger grew,
Till he said, "God ! I must know;
To the picnic I will go,
And I'll tell her life will be
Ever full of joy, if she
To her heart will welcome me,
And from doubt will set me free."
When they met his lips were sealed,
And although her eyes revealed
Love for him to others—he
Blindly looked, but did not see.

While he suffered came Tom Kent,
Who his early life had spent
In the village on the hill,
And we all remembered still
He had said that "Minnie Green
Was the sweetest girl he'd seen,"
When he met her in the store
On the hill a year before.
In the city he had won
High esteem for work well done.
He had come that day to see
Minnie Green, and hoped that she,
Who more beautiful had grown,
Would consent to be his own.
Confident some lovers are.
"Minnie, I have brought my car;

"Will you ride with me?" he said.
But she answered: "No! With Ed
I am going for a ride."
Quickly then to Minnie's side
Edward came with heart aglow,
And together they did go
For their ride. He lost his fear.
Soon he said, "Oh! Minnie dear,
Bound by friendship's ties so strong,
Comrades we have been so long;
I have dreaded, dear, to say
That I love you till to-day.
Now I ask you, dear, to be
Playmate, comrade, wife for me.
All His other gifts above,
You are God's great gift, my love."

Minnie smiled and coyly said,
As she shook her curly head:
"Maybe I'm God's gift to you,
But I did some giving, too.
Dear, your love for me I knew,
And my heart loved only you,
But you were so shy and slow
I just had my love to show.
You are God's great gift to me,
But I helped God, dear, you see,
And I'll help you through the years,
Sharing joys and drying tears;
Playmates, comrades, lovers still,
Life with happiness we'll fill."
Then he clasped her to his breast,
Eye, and lip, and tongue expressed
Love in life's sublime old way
On their best Thanksgiving Day.





Our Hemlock Tree

OUR HEMLOCK TREE

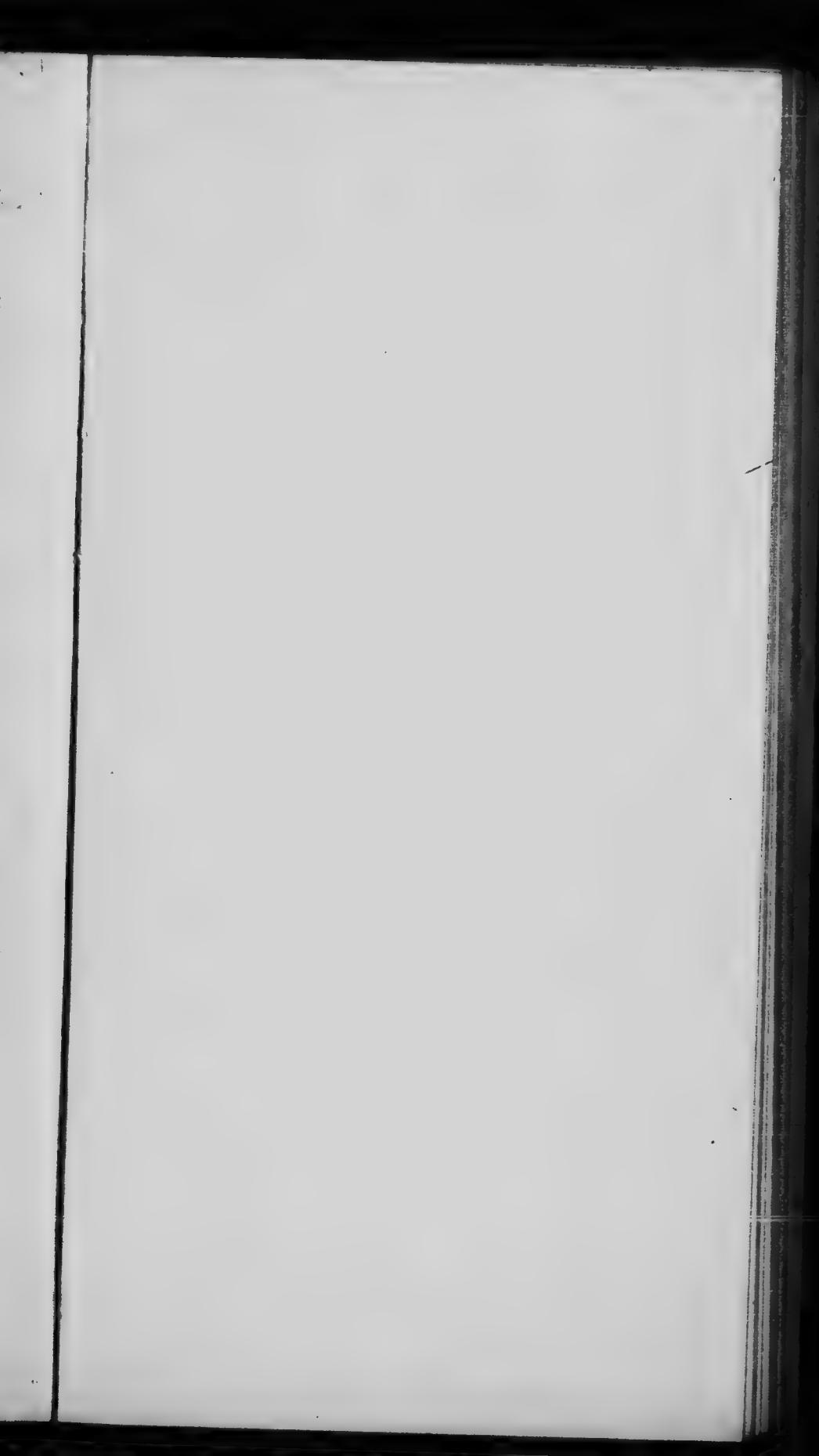
OH ! dearest spot on Molly's farm !
My youth returns with witching charm ;
Here on the bank beside the stream,
Now as I sit and fondly dream
Of these bright summer days when we
Two sat beneath the hemlock tree,
That stood so proudly broad and high
Until it seemed to reach the sky.

When you were twelve and I thirteen,
And I was king and you were queen,
One day you made for me a crown
Of golden flowers with centre brown,
And I, too, made a crown for you
Of daisies trimmed with phlox so blue.
That day beneath the hemlock tree
Life was enchanting ecstasy.

In fancy, dear, that day we planned
To make our lives sublimely grand ;
To let the children always play ;
To drive all evil things away ;
To bless the world with visions new,
And teach men to be just and true.
Great things we planned to do and be
That day beneath the hemlock tree.

School days soon passed; we moved apart
But I kept ever in my heart
The kindling visions we had then
Of service to our fellowmen.
Long years since then have passed away;
Life has been richer since that day,
And still I feel impelling me
Our dreams beneath the hemlock tree.

'Twas sixty years ago. To-day
I sit and dream this eighth of May,
And still I love the golden flower
You crowned me with that happy hour,
And still I dream that you are near.
Oh! how I long your voice to hear,
And your sweet girlish face to see
Beneath our sacred hemlock tree.





**The Grand River near its
junction with the Irvine
at Elora, Ont.**

ELORA*

RARE glory o'er the sky was glowing
When day was done,
Where the two rivers, swiftly flowing,
Rushed into one.

There stood an Indian maiden weeping
Love's silent tears,
Till came her chieftain lover leaping,
To calm her fears.

"Elora," said her chieftain, "never
Shall we two part;
For I will hold you nestling ever
Close to my heart."

"Mine is the love that knows no ending;
Our hearts will grow
Together in the magic blending
Of love's warm glow."

*The river Irvine enters the Grand at Elora. Elora was an Indian maid who with her lover stood on the point of the triangular cliff at the junction of the two rivers, when her father suddenly found them, and threatened to shoot her lover. The lovers leaped from the high cliff and were killed. Elora was named to commemorate the maiden's name.

"Come, then, your father's hate defying,
Let us be one,
And prove our love to be undying
Till life is done."

Then, as their vows they fondly plighted,
Her father came
Swift from the wood, his dark eyes lighted
With angry flame.

Strong arined, his eye was clear and steady;
Though crazed by grief,
He held his rifle straight and ready,
To shoot her chief.

"No hope, Elora, mine forever,"
Her chieftain said,
"So on the bosom of the river
We will be wed."

Then, with locked arms around her clinging,
He clasped his bride,
And o'er the cliffside lightly springing,
They leaped and died.

LOVE'S SWEET CONTENT

When you tell the sky in the golden west,
At eve when the sun is low,
That you love its beautiful painting best,
I wish I was afterglow.

When the fresh breeze greets you in blooming
May,
Beneath the old hemlock trees,
As it kisses you fondly I sigh and say,
"I wish that I was a breeze."

When you wear a rose in your dark brown hair,
My heart with deep rapture glows;
As I see your face so supremely fair,
I wish I had been a rose.

When your head lies here on my shoulder, dear,
I fully approve God's plan;
As you whisper love in my waiting ear
I'm glad that I am a man.

So I'll love with you the eve's afterglow,
The breeze and the red rose, too,
For the love of beauty we share, I know,
Will strengthen my love for you.

LOVE'S PROBLEM

I NEVER wondered, dear, that I
Should love you more than all the rest;
But I did always wonder why,
My own, you learned to love me best.

I used to think my love for you
Stirred my divinest power in me,
And gave me clearer, wider view;
But now the higher truth I see.

It is your love for me, I know,
And not my love, dear heart, for you,
That fills my soul with richer glow,
And makes my earth and heaven new.

Your love-shine kindled me, till I
Found power greater than I knew,
And in your love light I will try
With stronger faith life's work to do.

THE REVERENT LOVER

WORTHY of you, dear heart ? Oh, no !
And yet to you
I come, my hopeful heart aglow
With love most true.
Because your love my best inspires,
And kindles life's most sacred fires.

Since I have fondly loved you, dear,
New faith is mine;
Deep in my happy heart I hear
Music divine;
And with my spirit vision free
I see great things to do and be.

In love's clear sunlight I will climb,
Dear heart, and so
Through all the fruitful years of time
I hope to grow
More worthy of your love, my own,
Transformed by love—your love alone.

AN AUTUMN BENEDICTION

Has your soul e'er been filled with the glory
 Of the beautiful world overhead,
As you sat in the woods in October,
 When the leaves were all yellow and red?

Have you lain on the leaves on a mossbank
 And looked up to the sky through the trees?
Have you seen the bright leaves through the
 sunshine
 Floating down, when set free by the breeze?

Did each leaf in the air seem to hover
 Like a spirit with message for you?
Did it tell you that all life is beauty
 When our souls are attuned to the true?

Did you make a red wreath for your lover
 With the beautiful leaves as they fell?
Did you see in her eyes as she wore it
 The rich glow of her love light? Ah, well!

If you did you will ever remember
 All the joys of that wonderful day,
For the message of leaf tint and love glow—
 They can never be taken away.

WOULD LIFE BE SWEETER?

Would life be sweeter had we never known
Those great days long ago,
When my enraptured heart for you alone
Was thrilled by love's first glow ?

Have you, because you fondly whispered "Yes,"
Dark shadows of regret ?
Would years have brought you higher happiness
If we had never met ?

Or did the love glow of those epoch hours
Shine on with radiant light,
And start the blooming of some sweet new flowers
That made your pathway bright ?

Did your enkindled heart awake remain
To hear life's music sweet,
And see its glory even through your pain,
To make faith more complete ?

TO A BLACK-EYED SUSAN

QUEEN of flowers you are to me,
Dearest flower you'll ever be;
Other flowers have beauty rare,
But no other can compare
With you—Emma loved you.

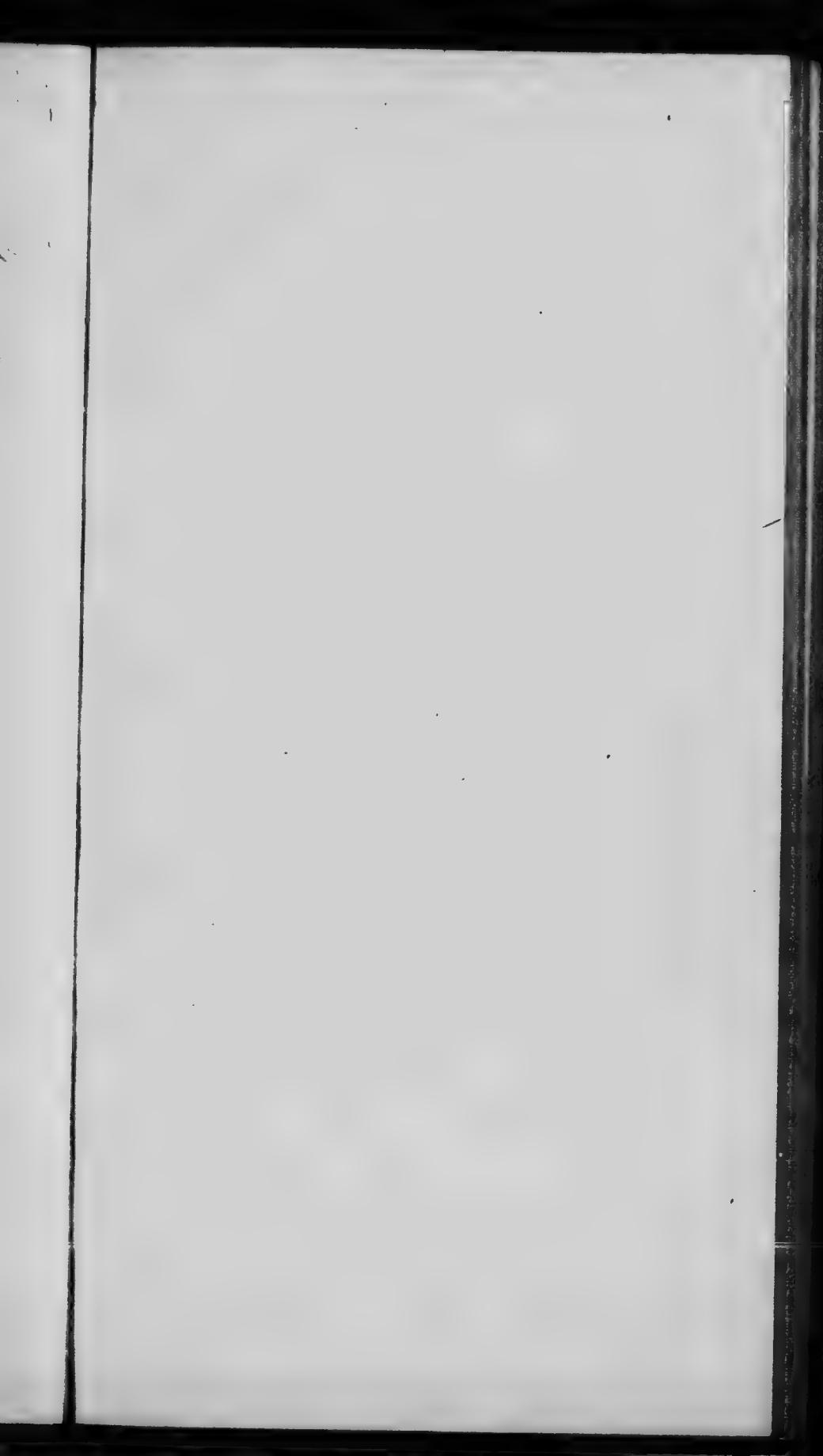
You are more to me than flower;
You recall the happy hour
When the sunset sky was red,
And when Emma sweetly said:
“Ever, dear, I'll love you.”

So I shared her love with you,
Sweeter love man never knew,
And until my life shall end
You shall ever be my friend—
Oh, flower, dear ! I love you.

PART II.

TRUE STORIES OF THE SO-CALLED "BAD"





"Do the thorn trees bloom?"



PRISONER FOR LIFE

TILL me, Warden, do the trees
Get new leaves in May?
Are there butterflies and bees?
Do the lambkins play?

Are the meadows growing green?
Do the thorn trees bloom?
My dark cell for years has been
Filled with deepest gloom.

Do the merry robins sing
At the break of day?
Do the church bells ever ring
In the good old way?

Do the clover fields in June
Send their perfume free?
Is there witch light in the moon
As there used to be?

Are the trees in autumn red?
Does the bittersweet
Hang its berries overhead
Where the lovers meet?

Warden! till my life is o'er,
Shall I never see
Beauty, as in days of yore
On the land or sea?

BEN

"Judge, here's a boy that must be sent
To jail to get hard punishment.
He asked my husband if he might
Sleep in our coalshed, judge, at night.
My husband let him come, weak man—
Refuse a boy he never can.
The boy slept there a week. To-day
The coalshed roof he tore away.
He had no reason. It is sad
That any boy could be so bad.
Send him to jail; he should not be
At large destroying property.

The boy's sad face was firmly set;
No justice did he hope to get,
No kindly sympathy to find;
Life had been hard and men unkind.
He waited doggedly to hear
An unjust sentence, most severe,
But kindled at the judge's tone—
The kindest he had ever known.
"Now tell your story, son," said he;
"Don't be afraid, my boy, of me."

Then fearlessly the newsboy told
His story. "Jedge, I'm ten years old.
My mudder died a week ago,
And I am lonely, jedge. You know
She had been sick three months, and say,
I worked so hard to try to pay
For medicines and doctor, too;

And it was all that I could do
To pay for them, and rent, and food,
But mudder she was kind and good;
She thanked me so for what I did,
And prayed for me—her only kid.
'Twas easy, after all, to do
The best I could for her. I knew
She could not live, and so I tried
To keep her happy till she died.
One little flower I bought, for she
Had very often talked to me
About her mudder's garden flowers
She loved so well. She'd sit for hours
And look at it and sweetly smile;
And sometimes smoothe my hair awhile.
I kept it near her bed so she
Its one red flower could always see."

"Well, jedge, you see, the landlord said,
'Kid, you must go,' when she was dead.
He took our fixin's for the rent,
And turned me out, so, jedge, I went
And asked her husband if I might
Sleep in his coalshed ev'ry night.
He was a decent sort to me,
Jest like a prince he seemed to be;
He bought his papers ev'ry day
From me, and when he came to pay
He took no change, and so I went
To him. I wished to pay no rent.
I thought if I the rent could save
I'd put a stone at mother's grave.
He let me in. The dame was cross;
She talked like she was used to boss,

But he stood pat, and said he'd be
A friend, a true, kind friend to me.
He said he 'loved all boys, for he
Had lost his own'; so, judge, you see
I love two men—jest him and you.
No other men but jest you two
Have seemed to care about a boy,
Or help to give a fellow joy.
Well, judge, I kept the flower, but I
Soon found that it began to die.
There was no light, judge, in the shed;
I knew that it would soon be dead
Unless it got some light, and so
I took one board off. Now you know
The story, judge. I could not let
That flower die. 'Twas mother's yet."

A change came in the woman's heart.
"Oh, judge!" she said, "I'll do my part
And try to be a mother true
And give a home to him, if you
Will let me keep him, and if he
Is willing my own boy to be.
I had a baby of my own;
He died, and I had selfish grown.
I hated boys because mine died,
And locked my heart in stubborn pride,
Till even love embittered me,
But with his 'love of mother' key
This boy unlocked it, and I know
'Twill shut no more. My love will grow
For him; he'll fill my baby's place."
She clasped the boy in fond embrace,
And then a flood of loving tears
Washed out the stains of selfish years.

THE MERCHANT'S STORY

An old policeman came to me:
"I came to warn you, sir," said he;
"You have a wayward, wicked boy,
Just out of jail, in your employ.
I am a Christian man, and so
I thought it right that you should know."

"Tell me," I said, "about his case."
"I will," said he; "he's a disgrace;
Lives on my street; I know him well
And all about him I can tell.
His father drank himself to death;
For years he drew no sober breath.
His mother worked away from home,
So on the street she let him roam.
I often told her that her son
Would into downward courses run.
I tried my best to be his friend,
And told him how it all would end.
I am an officer, and know
How to the bad such boys must go.
I saw him steal some cakes one day
And round the corner run away.
I caught him, and I had him sent
To jail. I told him to repent,
But I'm afraid he never will—
I think he's hard and wilful still."

"Sit down," I said, "and let me tell
His story. I, too, know it well.

His honest mother bravely tried
To labor, when his father died,
To keep her son at school, that he
Might grow an honest man to be.
You made him hate the law and you.
You ne'er a kindly deed did do
To warm his heart with human glow,
Or brighten up his life of woe.
His mother's heart, already sad,
You broke by tales about her lad.
When she grew sick 'twas for her sake
He stole the cakes you saw him take.
She starved and died. To jail you sent
Her son ! 'Tis you who should repent."

"A man whose heart has human glow,
Who goes to jail and tries to show
The children that they have one friend
On whom they truly may depend,
Told me the story of the boy
Whose childhood had so little joy.
I saw him—looked in his blue eye,
And heard his broken-hearted cry
Because he never more could see
His mother; so I asked if he
Would be my boy and live with me.
I met him when he was set free
And took him home, my boy to be."

"You cannot trust that boy," said he.
"You'll find I'm right, sir; wait and see."
"Oh, yes," I said, "I'll trust him, so
His better life may truly grow.
My faith in him will help to start
His faith in me, then in his heart

The seeds of faith in higher powers
Will grow and blossom into flowers.
No fetters round his soul I'll bind;
I'll be his partner, just and kind;
You call yourself a Christian ! Shame !
To so degrade Christ's sacred name.
What Christ-like action did you take
To keep the boy's best power awake ?
Was he to blame because he had
No father's guidance when a lad ?
In rags you saw him on the street;
You knew he had not food to eat.
Would Christ have chased a boy like him,
Whose pleading eyes with tears were dim,
Because he took a cake to save
His starving mother from the grave ?
You caught the boy and sent him where
His soul was filled with deep despair.
Would Christ have done so ? No ! He gave
His life that He such boys might save.
And, when you found that he was here,
You did not come his heart to cheer :
You came to rob him of his right
To work, and have a life more bright.
Christ would have come the boy to bless
With love, and hope, and happiness.
Humanity must learn to be
More kind and just to such as he."

"IT'S HELL."

He sat alone in his gloomy cell.
'Twas Spring again, and he longed to smell
The lilac's odor upon the breeze,
To hear the birds in the leafy trees,
To see the flowers in the meadow glen,
And walk barefoot in the stream again.
But bitter tears from his sad eyes fell;
"O God!" he cried, "I am shut in hell."

In dreams he lived on the farm again;
In dreams he played as a boy, and then
He went to school where he saw once more
The classes standing upon the floor
Around the teacher. Beside him there
She stood; the girl he had thought so fair.
He felt his heart in his bosom swell,
Then woke and said, "This is truly hell."

He sat at home on a night in May,
And watched the moon on the rippling bay,
And told his father about his plan
To do great things, when he was a man.
Once more he stood by his mother's side;
She smiled at him in her loving pride,
And told the stories he loved so well.
He wept and said, "When I think—it's hell."

He thought of all he had left undone,
Of all life's triumphs he might have won,
And prayed for days that could never be.
"O, God! deep down in my heart," said he,
"I wish that I could be young and free
To sit one hour 'neath the apple tree
In June with Katie to hear her tell
Her love for me. But I'm here in hell."

THE STORY ON THE TRAIN

Out in the smoking-room on the train,
Rushing along o'er the western plain,
Past the ripe fields of the golden grain,
Men told sad stories of sin and pain.
Stories of mothers whose hair turned gray
Mourning for sons who had gone astray.
Hopeless and faithless the stories were,
Darkened by shadows of deep despair.

Spoke then a man who was kind and true,
Hopeful and happy, and human, too:
"Evil is weak, and the good is strong;
God never fights on the side of wrong.
Hard is the battle that man must fight
If he has wandered away from right,
But, with the help of his fellow-men,
Hope will return to his heart again."

"Yes! There are criminal men, I know,
Men who grow worse as they older grow.
God made these men on His perfect plan;
Burned on their souls is the brand of man.
Man-made are they by bad training—then
Man-made by boyhood in city den;
Man-made by hardness in court and jail;
Man-made until life seemed sure to fail;
Man-made by those who refused to give
Work to a 'jail-bird' that he might live;

Man-made by those who with threat and gloom
Solemnly warned them of coming doom;
Man-made because decent men like you
Walked not their beat with a hand-clasp true;
Offered no kinship to start anew
Love in their hearts and give hopeful view.
Yet they are men and your love and mine
Starts a faith-light in their hearts to shine."

" Jim was in jail. I first saw him there
Sullen and gloomy. He did not care
What might be done by the court to him,
Facing life's future with aspect grim.
I was attracted to him. He came
From my own birthplace. I learned his name,
Heard his past life, and his steps astray
Till he had stolen. He meant to pay
Back the amount, but he failed, and so
He was arrested. I said, 'I know
Father and mother, school friends were they;
Gladly the money you took, I'll pay.'
Paid it; and then to the judge we went,
Employer and I, and got consent
Granting the right to withdraw the case.
Saved was the lad from the dread disgrace.
Then with the order that made him free
Back to the jail I returned, and he
Gladly came out to my home with me.
'Mother won't know' was the song of joy
Sung in the heart of the grateful boy."

" Far in the West lives a friend of mine,
Manager there of a silver mine.
Out to his home I took Jim with me;

Told Jim's full story, and asked that he
Give Jim a place that he might regain
Faith in himself and outgrow his stain.
Grateful was Jim, when I came away,
Heartfully hopeful that Autumn day.
Promise he made to be wise and true,
Honestly made it and kept it, too.
Three years he kept it, and then he fell.
Telegrams came from my friend to tell
He had gone wrong." "As you might have
known,"

Spoke out a man in a hard, cold tone;
"All of them fail." "No! Jim won his fight—
Won it through kindness. I went that night.
He was surprised when he saw me there."
"I had no hope, sir, that you would care;
You cannot trust me. I'm weak at best."
"Trust you!" I said; "you have stood the test.
Think never more of your weakness, Jim;
Think of your strength, and the love of Him,
Ever forgiving and ready to give
Purpose and power more nobly to live.
Three years you fought your hard fight and won.
Gladly I'll trust you. What you have done
Proves you are worthy of trust, and so
Back to my city with me you'll go.
I have a place in my store for you.
I have no fear you will not be true."

"Did you reprove him for what he'd done?"
"No! I recounted his triumphs won
Over his evil. I made him glad;
Hope cannot bloom when the heart is sad.
Censure and blame are but cancer blight;
Cheering enkindles the soul's faith-light.

"Ten years have passed now since Jim came
back.

Still he is walking life's faith-lit track
Honest and manly—his mother's pride.
She lives with him since his father died.
Married is he to a charming wife,
Leader is he in our city's life.
Chum of the wayward, the guilty, the sad.
Shining his heart-light to make them glad."

"If in the future he fail, what then?"
"Comrade and partner I'll be again."

BILL'S CHRISTIANITY

"Six hundred dollars fine for each,"
The justice said; "the court must teach
All men the law they must obey,
And if the fine they cannot pay
Two years each one must go to jail."
The elder prisoner turned pale.
His eyes were filled with blinding tears;
"Oh, Judge!" he said, "not two long years!
Be merciful and let me free;
I have a wife and children three—
They'll starve, if I must go to jail.
Give me a chance. I will not fail.
I'll work, and save the fine to pay.
Oh! let me free, kind judge, I pray."
The judge, with sympathetic glow,
Looked down, but gravely answered, "No!"

The younger man, upon whose face
Were records sin alone could trace,
Stood up. Spectators whispered, "He
Sent down for ten long years should be
To be reformed, and to have time
To think about his life of crime."
The youth's stern face relaxed. Said he,
"I'll pay your fine; you shall go free.
I have eight hundred dollars, so
You take it, dear old chum; I'll go
To jail. I have no family;
I'll gladly take what comes to me."

A sudden cheer rang out which showed
That hearts approving warmly glowed.
A lawyer rose. "My lord," said he,
"I think all present will agree
That Bill has shown himself a man
Too good to lose. I have a plan
To prove to him that we can be
As generous and true as he.
I am not willing to stand by
And see him go to jail, so I
Propose that we do now unite
To help him triumph in his fight
Until he overcomes the wrong
That makes him weak instead of strong.
He has two hundred left, and we
Can raise the rest and set him free."

Throughout the court cheers rang again.
The judge with deep emotion then
Arose and said, "Let each one stand
Who'll give brave Bill a helping hand."
All leaped and shouted joyously;
They raised the money; Bill was free.
He rose and said, "Friends, I declare
You'll find us true; we will be square."

Then spoke the judge in solemn tone,
"Dear friends," he said, "I gladly own
That Bill's example here to-day
Has kindled me and shown the way
To clearer vision of Christ's plan
To save my erring brother-man."

THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

First Case.

"WHAT is the charge?" the justice said,
As on his hand he laid his head.
"This manufacturer employs
At labor five Canadian boys.
In dark, unventilated rooms
They start their course to early tombs.
He robs five workmen of their pay,
He robs five children of their play,
Their right to school, their right to grow,
Their right to health and vigor's glow.
What cares he, though no little boy
May ever have a child's true joy ?
What cares he, though his country lose
Its manhood power, if he can use
The children's labor so that he
A plutocrat may grow to be ?
There is no criminal more base
Than he who climbs to wealth or place
By robbing childhood of its rights.
He thus the nation's power blights.
Canadian law the child makes free
From labor in a factory.
This man defies the law, and he
Can give no justifying plea.
His punishment should be severe,
To teach all men law to revere."
The upright judge shook his gray head;
"One dollar ! Next," was all he said.

Second Case.

Into the dock, with face afame,
A feeble, shrinking woman came,
Awed by the terrors of the place,
Numb'd by the shadow of disgrace.
"What is the charge?" the justice said.
"This woman stole a loaf of bread."
Then spoke a man in kindly tone:
"We are to blame; we should have known
That she was starving on our street.
No food her children had to eat.
She took the loaf that they might live;
No money had she left to give.
My neighbors gladly now unite
To help her in her uphill fight.
They will be kind to her, and true,
And aid to start her life anew.
Let her return to children dear,
Their lives to comfort and to cheer.
Be merciful and let her go;
Her heart is now too full of woe."
The upright judge shook his gray head:
"Six months in jail," he coldly said.

• • • • •

This court is in a Christian land,
So called, where splendid churches stand,
With steeples pointing to the sky,
To guide our thoughts to things on high.
Too many soar with spirit wings
On high, forgetful of the things

That they should do on earth below
To lift the load of human woe;
To overthrow encroaching wrong,
And help the weak against the strong.
Fair womanhood and childhood plead
That we should help them in their need.

THE SOUL-DWARFING PHARISEE

"OUTCAST," you say, self-righteous man !
How dare you put on him a ban ?
How dare assume you have a right
To dwarf a child with social blight.
And brand him "Bad" ? Heart-hungry boy,
You rob him of a child's best joy;
You take his comradeship away,
You will not let your children play
With him, and left without a mate,
His love becomes transformed to hate;
You fill with bitterness his life,
And sow the seeds of social strife.
Proud Pharisee, recall again
The answer of your Saviour, when
The Pharisees of olden time
Said, "He was guilty of a crime,
And that their hearts were sorely grieved
Because poor sinners He received,
And ate with them." "I'd seek," said He,
"The one lost sheep and happy be
When it I found." O selfish man !
Treat children on the Saviour's plan.
Remember, too, the epoch day
When to the people Christ did say,
As "in the midst" He set a child,
And at it reverently smiled,
"Who shall one little child offend,
'Twere better for him in the end
If millstone hung his neck around,
And in the deep sea he was drowned."

The thoughtful father tells his lad
To "find the boy who is called 'bad,'

And chum with him to let him know
That one boy's heart can truly glow
With friendship for him. Tell him he
With you will ever welcome be
Here in your home. Yes ! bring him here ;
Lend him your books. I do not fear
That he will make you bad. The wrong
Should never win, for right is strong
And God helps ever those who do
For others what is kind and true.
When you are kind to him, my boy,
And help to fill his heart with joy,
Your decent doing makes you strong
To win for right, against the wrong;
And, when you kindle him, my son,
With love, you have your triumph won."

No thoughtful man will ever say
A boy is "bad." Oh, yes ! he may
Do wrong and yet his soul may be
From conscious evil purpose free.
Poor boy, he needs to be made glad,
To be love kindled, not called "bad."
To call him "bad" defines his thought
Of evil, when instead we ought
To kindle goodness, and begin
In partnership with him to win
His faith in us, and prove that we
Have power the good in him to see.
One word of reverent esteem
May wake his soul to glory gleam ;
One smile his deed to recognize
May light love sunshine in his eyes ;
One kindly touch approving him
May start his love dew o'er the brim.

YOUR NEIGHBOR

You say your neighbor is not true.
You might, perhaps, have clearer view
Of him, my friend, if you but knew
Just what your neighbor thinks of you.

God made him right, and it is sad,
If he is now what you call "bad."
What kindness has your neighbor had
From you to make his life more glad?

You think that he has selfish grown;
Perhaps no friendship he has known.
What act of yours has ever shown
Your heart congenial to his own?

What thoughtful deed of helpfulness
Have you performed, his home to bless
That would your fellowship express,
Or help to soothe him in distress.

Your human touch may start the glow
Of deepest joy that he can know,
And fill his heart to overflow
With love—so that his best may grow;

And you will gain e'en more than he;
Each act of service makes you free,
And gives you greater power to see
The glory of man's destiny.

KIT

The Church condemned you, Kit, I know,
And threatened you with endless woe,
But you were wise and calmly smiled,
When selfish Pharisees reviled
Because you said, "No narrow creeds
That did not lead to loving deeds
Of service, could Christ's teaching be
To make men's souls serens and free."

They did not dare deny that you
In life and deed were ever true.
When men fought bravely for the right,
You were a leader in the fight
Against all forms of evil might,
And for the truth that guides to light.
When men were sad you dried their tears;
When they were glad you led their cheers;
To those on beds of sickness laid
You were the first to offer aid,
And anxious mothers welcomed you
To watch their dear ones, for they knew
Your heart was tender, and your hand
Responded to your heart's command.

Once, when I had an accident
And lay unconscious, Kit, you went
To bring the doctor. When he said
That I was injured in the head
And might not wake for days, 'twas you
Who sat by me the long night through.

While I unconscious lay and slept
Beside thy bed you vigil kept.
I woke at morn, and seated there
I saw you, and your anxious care
Changed into joyous gladness, when
You heard me speak your name again.
Your happy face I'll ne'er forget,
Your cheerful voice is ringing yet
Deep in my heart, and still I see
Your friendly smile, when memory
Recalls the past, and I review
The manly men my boyhood knew.

They called you "infidel," but you
Were seeking ever for the true.
In men and books you tried to find
The highest truth with open mind.
You were a man, and I a boy,
And yet you told me of the joy
That filled your heart, when first you knew
A preacher with a higher view,
A man of power, deep and wise,
So broad that he could recognize
Your right to differ honestly
From him and yet a Christian be.
You reverently said, "Why, Jim,
He's great, I cannot answer him.
He speaks profoundly, and he tells
The deepest thought of infidels
More clearly than they do themselves;
In the best books upon their shelves;
And then he proves that they are wrong
By arguments convincing, strong,
Unanswerable, so that we,
Man's Godward destiny may see."

O, Kit! If those who made a claim
To teach you in the Master's name
Had even faintly understood
His teachings as all Christians should;
If they had tried your love to win,
Preached more of service—less of sin;
Spoke less of badness—more of right;
Thought less of darkness—more of light;
If they had taught each man to see
That he had special power to be
God's representative, for He
Had given each some power, and we
Were thoughts of God, with power in trust,
And not "unworthy worms of dust";
If they had taught the unity
Of all mankind—and each one free—
Christ's basic universal plan,
The vital brotherhood of man;
What untold good they might have done!
What victories they might have won!
But narrow creeds and selfishness
Robbed them of power to truly bless,
Christ's laws they did not follow, when
They dealt with weak and wayward men.
The erring ones they did condemn
And gave no sympathy to them;
And, if a woman ever fell,
They made her life a living hell.

A worthy, pure, and trusting maid,
Believed the vow her lover made,
And found, too late, she was betrayed.
He left her with a tarnished name,
And not one kindly Christian came
To ease the burden of her woe

Or Christian sympathy to show.
They thought their duty fully done,
If they the erring one did shun.
They treated her as one defiled,
And ostracised her and her child.
They spoke no word of tenderness,
But raged about her wickedness.

You were the noble man who saw
The inhumanity of law
That robs a soul of hope's clear light,
And dooms it to eternal nighne
Because of one false step, and tries
To cloud forever life's bright skies.
And, when—defying gossip's sneer
You nobly tried her heart to cheer,
And proved yourself her friend sincere,
Who could her womanhood revere,
And married her—the pharisees
Against you hurled their stern decrees;
But friends, who knew you to be just,
Approved your act of love and trust,
And passing years brought friendship true
And earth's best happiness to you.

One eve you watched the sunset sky;
And said, "Dear wife, I hope that I
May go as does the setting sun,
When day is past and work is done,
And leave behind me as I go
In loving hearts bright afterglow."
You fell. Our cheeks with tears grew wet,
Your sun behind life's hill had set;
But on the skies of memory
Your heart's warm glow we still can see.

"BAD BOB"

BECAUSE he did not keep the rules
Of Public or of Sunday Schools
Bob was expelled from both, and told
He'd be "a wicked man when old."
Expulsion is a senseless plan
First practised by some foolish man
Who could not make a boy do right
By using his coercive might.
Bob to another school was sent.
His teacher told him to repent
Of his great wickedness, and be
A better boy in school, or he
Would be expelled again, and find
He'd go through life with vacant mind.
Bob for his past had no regret,
His heart had not been kindled yet,
For the poor boy had only met
From teachers force, reproof, and threat;
So he was soon suspended once
And told he was "a silly dunce."
The second time a warning came
That from the register his name
Would be officially erased,
And he once more would be disgraced,
Unless he would the rules obey,
And walk "the straight and narrow way."
Bob's heart was still untouched, so he
Soon earned suspension number three.

The principal addressed the school,
And said "all knew the rigid rule;—
The third suspension for misdeeds
To sure expulsion always leads."
He said "his heart was very sad,
Because Bob Jones had been so bad";
And that "his wicked ways must mend
Or he would reach a dreadful end
In prison for some awful crime
Before he even reached his prime."
Bob listened with a sullen face
And steeled his heart against disgrace.
Unmoved was he. With solemn tone
And threat he had familiar grown;
His eye was steady, cold, and clear;
His lip curled in disdainful sneer;
Serene in outcast solitude
Defiant was his attitude.

The awful sentence was begun,
But ere the principal was done,
The teacher of the highest grade
Arose and this proposal made;—
"Most worthy principal," said he,
"It hurts me deeply, sir, to see
A boy expelled from school, and I
Like Bob, and would be glad to try
Him in my class. He is, I know,
At present two full forms below.
While playing in the yard, I find
He is a leader strong and kind.
If he will play the game inside
As well, our hearts will glow with pride.
Please let me try him. When a lad
Like Bob some people called me 'bad.'

No boy is 'bad'; we'll prove this true,
Most worthy principal, if you
Will let Bob show what he can do,
When kindled with a purpose new."

Loud were the cheers the boys gave, when
The principal agreed, and then
The sullen look and scornful sneer
Passed from Bob's face, as stepping near
The master, kind, he grasped his hand,
And, when his voice he could command,
Said, "I'll be square, sir. You are just,
And I'll be worthy of your trust."

Some thoughtless people yet believe
That pupils never should receive
Promotion to a higher class
Till they examinations pass.
Bob skipped two classes in a year.
When kindled he had made it clear
That he was leader of the boys
In studies, as in sporting joys.
All evil springs from misused good;
"Bad Bob" had been misunderstood,
But, when his heart was kindled, he
Responded with fidelity.
And life transforming loyalty
To kindly, manly sympathy,
He, when awakened, quickly grew
In learning and in wisdom, too;
His frozen powers in love's warm glow
In healing streams began to flow.

LAWS THAT SAVE AND NOT DEGRADE

'TWAS in a prison, where young men
Are trained to live true lives again;
Not being punished for the wrong
They did, but being made more strong
To do the right, and clearly see
Their duty to society,
So that their lives may happy be
And useful, when again they're free;
Whose souls are not benumbed by fears
Of many dreaded, hopeless years
Imprisoned in a gloomy cell,
Shut in from all they loved so well;
From home and friends; from Nature's bowers
Of stately trees and blooming flowers;
From valley wide and mountain high;
From dawn blush, and eve's glowing sky;
From twinkling stars and shining sun;
From hope of joys they might have won;
From lover's sweet responsive smile,
And all that makes our lives worth while;
Who know that they themselves decide
How long they are these joys denied.
'Twas there a miracle I saw,
The triumph of enlightened law,
That treats a criminal as one
Whose upward climb has just begun,
By whom great deeds may yet be done,
And life's best victories be won.

One fine young man, with strong, kind face
And step of dignity and grace,
Revealed rare power and seemed to me
A well-trained officer to be.
I was surprised to find that he
A convict was for felony.
"Please tell me, sir," I said, "why you
Are here, so young, so bright, so true?
I'd like to claim you as my son.
Why are you here? What have you done?"

"The judge who sentenced me was just;
I held an office, sir, of trust;
I joined a club of older men
Who drank good wine. I drank, and then
I gambled, too. My luck was bad,
Large sums I lost, and I grew mad
Because I could not pay my debt.
I played more wildly, hoping yet
That luck would turn, till in the end
I had to borrow from a friend
To pay my heavy losses. Then
I made a vow that ne'er again
I'd gamble. Through that awful night
I fought a wild, despairing fight
With conscience, but no hope light came
To cheer the darkness of my shame.
On through the day I struggled still
Beneath my heavy load, until
I yielded, and my trust betrayed.
I took the cash—my debt I paid,
Believing that I might replace
The money and avoid disgrace;

But I was caught, and sentenced here
Ten years; yet in a single year
The law provides that I may be
At home again from prison free.
I've earned my liberty, good friend,
My Christmas day at home I'll spend."

"And are your parents living yet?"
I asked. "O, yes!" His eyes grew wet—
"And more, I have a wife and child."
Then through his tears he bravely smiled;—
"My baby girl I never saw,
But by humane and helpful law
I shall be free on Christmas Day,
And with my baby learn to play.
My darling wife to me is true;
My pledge to her I will renew,
And life once more will joyous be
With her and baby, when I'm free.
God bless the true, good men who made
"The laws that save and not degrade."

PART III.
MUSINGS VARIOUS





Happy is he who lives upon a farm,
Where nature stirs his soul with kindling charms



THE HAPPY FARMER

HAPPY is he who lives upon a farm,
Where Nature stirs his soul with kindling charm;
Where he may see the waking blush of dawn,
And looking westward when the sun has gone
May see the changing tints of red and gold
In radiant beauty on the sky unfold;
Where he the landscape wide may ever see
Stretching afar until it seems to be
Lost in the sky; and where the meadows green,
The streams, and wood-crowned hills complete
the scene.

Growing is he whose consciousness awakes,
To whom the light of Nature's message breaks;
Who with receptive soul can truly see
The beauty of each growing flower and tree;
Who, when he listens to the bobolink,
Keeps in his heart the song and learns to think
Serenely of the joys that close at hand
Surround him, making life divinely grand;
Who, when his ploughshare turns the grass-
grown sod
Believes that he a partner is with God
In making earth productive of its best
That men by him may be more fully blest;
Who, as he smells with joy the fresh, rich mould,
Thinks more of gratitude and less of gold;

Who, on a peaceful Sabbath day at noon,
Resting upon a moss-grown bank in June,
In the deep forest's sacred solitude,
Hears God's clear voice proclaim that "all is
good";

Who, when he gathers in the ripened grain
From rolling upland and from fertile plain;
And when his Autumn crops are safely in,
"Heaped high in storehouse, cellar, crib, and bin.
Thanks the Great Father for His bounteous store
Of these material things, but thanks Him more
For spirit visions—beauty he can see
On hillside, valley, and bright tinted tree;
And music he can hear, grand anthems of the
trees

Responding to the love-kiss of the breeze;
And all the lessons of the earth and sky
That fill his soul with glow of glory high,
And kindle his true light that it may shine
To guide men upward nearer the Divine.

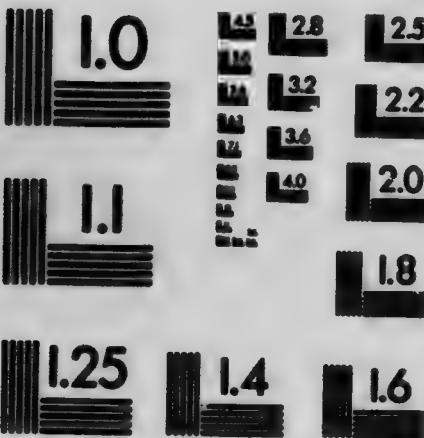
JOY'S TRIUMPH

The old, sweet songs my mother sang so well,
The wonder tales my father used to tell,
The blaze of dawn resplendent on the tide,
The gleam of sunshine at the dark cloud's side,
The dancing moonlight on the rippled bay,
The tinted sky-glow at the close of day,
The Balm of Gilead's fragrance in the Spring,
The music that I heard the Greybirds sing,
The smell of clover on a day in June,
The soaring Bobolink's unrivalled tune,
The melodies of fairies in the trees,
The summer wheatfields waving in the breeze,
The orchards loaded down with apples prime,
The colors of the woods in Autumn time,
The mystic message of the falling snow,
The Winter sleigh ride, and the hearth fire's glow,
All these, my boyhood's joys, enkindle me
With higher joys in life's maturity;
And all the true things of my early youth
Bloom into higher forms of greater truth;
While error's clouds that once obscured the light
Now but reveal the splendor of the right;
Forebodings dark that worried me awhile,
Fleet through my memory, and I but smile;
And even wrongs intended life to mar
Hurt me no more, nor have they left a scar.



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IN THE OLD SCHOOLROOM

LONG years ago I taught you here—
A youth of twenty then;
To-day I see you, girls and boys,
Come smiling in again
Unchanged by years, for I forget
And dream that I am twenty yet.

And as I see you sitting there,
Each desk recalls a face,
Whose glow of waking consciousness
Made this a sacred place,
When to each soul came vision true
Of purpose high and power new.

And I have watched you as you climbed
Through all the happy years,
And, when you won your victories,
I felt responsive cheers,
Dear boys and girls, ring in my heart,
Because you nobly did your part.

Through all the fruitful years my life
Brought blessings rare to me,
But, as serene and free I stand
Reviewing life, I see
No record of a greater hour
Than when I kindled your best power.

SUCCESS

He fails alone who idly dreams,
When life reveals attractive gleams
Of duty that he ought to do,
And so to vision is untrue.
The man who clearly sees the right
Yet fails to do it with his might
Must lose the power of vision new
Disclosing higher, wider view.
True vision leaves the feeble souls
Who will not struggle towards life's goals.

The goal is yonder on the height,
And vision shines with brighter light
When up we strive, and when we rise
Above the mists, we realize
That life is richer than we thought,
And full of beauty yet untaught.
Life's glory kindles, when we see
New, yet untrodden paths, that we
May enter, guiding men to climb
More freely towards the heights sublime.

Men cannot fail who bravely fight,
With faces ever towards the light,
They may not reach the highest crest
Before the time of final rest;
But, as they see far down below
Their starting place, their hearts will glow

With joy; because of triumphs won,
Of loving service kindly done,
Of lamps they lit to show the way
To those who might have gone astray.

Each thoughtful act new vision brings
To see the heart of deeper things,
So when your vision you achieve
Don't sit in sadness down to grieve
Because you see a vision new
Revealing greater work to do.
But shout for joy. You've earned the right
To work in vision's clearer light.
You've won life's paramount success,
When new, clear vision comes to bless.

THE EVOLUTION OF FREEDOM

IN boyhood days my teachers taught
How dearly freedom had been bought
By those who bravely fought to be
From tyranny forever free;
And orators with fervor told
The sacred story, never old,
Of noble men who died that we
Might sing the growth-song of the free.

Then, as I older, wiser grew,
I learned man's narrow, selfish view,
And heard the orators declare
That woman had no right to share
Man's freedom. Those loud rousing cheers
For freedom heard throughout the years
Resounding over hill and glen
Meant freedom only for the men.

But clearer, deeper, truer thought
New vision to mankind has brought;
That men and women for the right
Should climb together towards the light.
When duty calls to manhood true
Its call is heard by woman, too.
New meaning came to liberty,
When womanhood at last was free.

The greatest step is yet to be,
When childhood shall be truly free.
The light of freedom yet will shine
More clearly, as the light divine
Reveals more fully childhood's right
To freedom from repressive blight;
Till comradeship with parenthood
Develops childhood's highest good.

THINK OF LIFE'S GLORIES

If sorrow or care make your heart feel sad,
Think, then, of the good and forget the bad.
Think, then, of the glory of life to you;—
Your beautiful diamonds in the dew,
Your riches of flower, and tree and sky,
Your pure, balmy air from your hills so high,
The songs of your birds and your singing streams,
Your visions of hope in your day-time dreams.

Count up all your blessings and let your joy
Ring out as your cheers when a care-free boy;
Unchecked be your glee, and your clouds will
pass,

As shadows sweep over the waving grass;
The clouds of the morning will break away,
And sunshine will bring you a perfect day.
Then into the depths of your soul again
Will come the calm faith of achieving men.

YOUTH AND MATURITY

Yes! there were merry days in May,
And joyous days in June,
When life was fresh, and free, and gay,
And hearts beat strong in tune
With hope's arousing melodies,
And faith's inspiring harmonies.

Mature October's mellow days
Bring higher joys to me,
When Nature's glories are ablaze
On flower, and field, and tree;
The cornfields sing in triumph then
The songs that cheer achieving men.

Life's harvest days should ever be
Our most enchanting days;
The Autumn songs of destiny
Should aye be songs of praise,
The records of our victories
Are life's supreme joy symphonies.

JOY IN ACHIEVING

When a happy hearted boy,
Did you idly wait till joy
Came to thrill you with delight?
No, when skies were dark or bright
You were happy all the day
At your work or at your play,
Planning, doing ev'ry hour
Winning joy and gaining power.

Why in manhood should you fail?
Make your life a joyous tale.
If you search with hopeful mind
Close beside you, you will find
Wheresoever you may be
Blessed opportunity;
Work you never yet have done.
Do it, and your joy is won.

Happiness is ever near
Waiting shadowed hearts to cheer;
Gloom can ne'er become despair
If we bravely do our share;
Effort always leads to light
In unselfish work for right;
Brood not on impending wrath,
Light new lamps along your path.

THE BEST THINGS NEVER

The best things never die, Dick,
But grandly grow,
And through the passing years, Dick,
More brightly glow
To guide us to life's crest, Dick,
As up we climb,
That hope and faith may be, Dick,
Serene—sublime.

The friendship o' our youth, Dick,
So strong and true,
Still in my deepest heart, Dick,
Binds me to you,
And memory still keeps, Dick,
The highest place
Among my dearest friends, Dick,
For your young face.

The work we planned to do, Dick,
At eventide,
When through the woodland we, Dick,
Walked side by side,
Gave higher aims through life, Dick,
Made duty clear
To those who needed help, Dick,
Their hearts to cheer.

The beauty of the sky, Dick,
And flower and tree,
The songs the happy birds, Dick,
Oft sang for me;
And all the other joys, Dick,
Of childhood days,
...ve on to fill my heart, Dick,
With love and praise.

ON THE HILL IN MAY

Try not as a bird to sing,
Or failure will bring you pain;
But let his glad song of spring
Deep down in your heart remain.

Turn not from the afterglow
Because it will soon be past;
Its beauty should richer grow
While memory's powers last.

The song and the sky of gold
Should echo and shine in you,
And ne'er can your soul grow old
If they in your heart are new.

And sweetness, and hope, and joy
Will flow as a fountain free,
And thrill you, as when a boy,
As long as you hear and see

The bird and the sunset sky,
When you at the close of day
Stood there on the hilltop high,
Soul-filled with the bliss of May.

MAY

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April Beeches.

APRIL BEECHES

DEAR April beeches, 'neath your arms
My heart with kindling fervor warms.
Upon the waking sod I stand,
White violets on either hand,
And looking through your tracery
The clear blue cloudless sky I see.
To Nature's soul in sympathy
My soul responds, and I grow free;
New vision power comes to me
That sees beyond life's mystery,
The end of infidelity,
The hope of immortality,
The wideness of infinity,
The glory of Divinity.

THE PLATITUDINOUS PACIFISTS

I

*"But war can never make men free,
War will destroy democracy."*

WHENEVER ruthless despot fights
Against man's democratic rights
One way alone is left to save
Democracy. We must be brave
And fight for justice, freedom, right
Till we destroy his boasted might.
Since Christ revealed democracy,
And taught that each man should be free,
Base despots daring to control
Man's body, intellect and soul
Have fought against His loving plan;—
The perfect brotherhood of man.

In wars by tyranny begun
Democracy has ever won.
Each war found freemen true and strong
To fight for right against the wrong;
Each war brought higher vision, when
The world regained just peace again.
He must not win whose poisoned mind
Planned the enslavement of mankind;

The dastard tyrant of all time
Whose war of treachery and crime
Against democracy and right
Threatened all freedom by his might,
He must be taught that freemen still
Have power to break his despot will.

Ours is not war of rival kings.
We fight to save life's sacred things;—
Truth, justice, honor and the right
To grow in freedom towards the light.
The sweetest echoes of past years
Are echoes of resounding cheers,
When chains were broken, men made free,
And deeper love of liberty
Was kindled in men's souls to be
New power in true democracy.
So we must fight till joyous cheers
Proclaim to all the coming years
The final triumph of the right
O'er savage hate and despot might.

II

"We should have stopped the war by thought,"
He said. "High thinking would have brought
True peace without the loss of life—
Without producing fierce world strife."
"A ship's load sailed two years ago,"
I said, "to end the dreadful woe
Of war by hopeful thoughts of peace
They thought kind thoughts. War did not cease."

All thoughtful people sadly smiled,
While thoughtless pacifists reviled
The men who bravely dared to fight
To save the world from despot might.

A rabid dog with maddened brain
Will not be peaceful till he's slain.
If one in frenzy tried to kill
Your child, would you sit weakly still,
And call him "doggy, dear," and say
"Kind doggy, pause and drive away
The fierce, wild dreams that make you mad,
The world is happy, so be glad?"
However peaceful, gentle, mild,
You'd kill the dog and save your child,
So must we conquer tyranny
That men forever may be free.

III

*"I hate all war. It can't be right
That men should ever have to fight."*

I, too, love peace and hate fierce war,
But with more vital force by far
I love the light of liberty,
And hate the bonds of tyranny.
Peace may be purchased at the cost
Of freedom, justice, honor lost.
I love the joy song of the free;
The spirit of democracy;
The right of independent mind;

The right of justice for mankind;
The right to join in common cause
With others making freemen's laws;
The right to be, and think, and do
What vision tells my soul is true.
These are life's greatest things, and I
For them should live, for them should die,
If need be, fighting for the right
Against imperious despots' might.
When tyrants dare to take from me
My freedom, then no peace can be.
Christ came not to send peace, but war
Against all wrong, and still His star
Leads to the crest towards which men climb
Who strive to make all life sublime.
Men are base traitors to the right
Who for true freedom will not fight,
Till despots from aggression cease,
And brotherhood brings lasting peace.

CHILDHOOD'S KNIGHT

*The worst robbers are those who rob children
of their real childhood.*

HAIL, Dickens! Valiant hero-knight!
The children's friend! All hail to thee!
Who burst the bonds of children's souls
And bravely set the children free.

Thine was the clarion voice that made
Christ's loving child-growth message clear;
Of childhood's right to childhood true
Thou wert the great prophetic seer.

The "baby savage" of the slum;
The child "who never was a child";
The "voices grave" of St. Antoine;
The "ancient face that never smiled";

"Poor Jo," with undeveloped mind,
And soul unkindled by the light;
Fair Alice Marwood, mother-curst,
Neglected outcast of the night.

Young Jackson with "no charm of youth,"
Nor "grace of childhood" when a child;
Starved Oliver who asked for more;
And Abel Magwitch law-defiled.

The Gradgrinds, Tom and Sweet Louise
Who had no childhood but in name;
The Smallweeds with no child at all
Till Grandma's second childhood came;

The victims of the Pipchin rule
Who had no childhood of their own;
Poor Paul who wished "to be a child";
Miss Panky, Briggs and Bit'erstone.

And Smike the tyrant's feeble drudge
Who never knew a mother's care,
Abused, unfed at Do-the-boys,
Till death relieved his deep despair.

These were thy children, dauntless knight,
For them thy noble work was done,
By them thy sweetest message sent,
Through them thy greatest triumphs won.

And men throughout all time will be,
More reverent to childhood's rights,
Because you were the children's friend,
And bravely fought the children's fights.

LIFE'S GREATEST TRAGEDY

Yes! she was a beautiful child of three,
As she shouted and laughed at play,
So forceful and graceful, so gay and free,
When I saw her one happy day.

But now she is twenty and on her face
There are shadows of hopeless dread;—
Of freedom and force there is left no trace,
And her faith in her power is dead.

At three she was growing in God's own light,
And achieving by God's own plan,
But now on her soul is the dwarfing blight
Of her father, a tyrant MAN.

He robbed her of childhood and selfhood's right
To decide what her work should be;
He warped her free soul by coercive might;—
She is life's greatest tragedy.

TO MOTHER'S ROOM

O! sacred room of blooming flowers;
Of "red hearth fire," of blue Dutch tile!
I see her rising from her chair
To welcome me with loving smile.

Beside your hearth in dreams I sit,
And listen eagerly to hear
Her low, sweet voice the message tell
That made all mysteries clear.

Transforming hour of vision! Still,
I feel her spirit guiding mine
To know man's God-ward destiny,
And help to make life more sublime.

ONLY

Only a single glance
Showed you my need,
Only a kindly thought
Prompted your deed.

Only my smile of thanks
For kindness done,
Then your sweet smile became
My heart's warm sun.

Only a glimpse of souls
By good will blest,
Kindled by service—so
Seen at their best.

Only a human touch
That day we met,
But in my life your smile
Is shining yet.

CAROL'S VIEW

DEAR CAROL, you had a fine time yesterday
Out there on the sand by the side of the sea.
You watched the white ships that went sailing
away,
You swung on the vines that hung down from
the tree,
You fed the white gulls on the shore of the bay,
You paddled and rambled so happy and free;
You had a grand time, Carol, dear, at your play
With papa and mother beside the blue sea.
"O, no," she replied, "my dear muvver, I say
That daddy and you had a grand time with
me."

A BIRTHDAY WISH

EACH year, I trust, may bring to you
Strong hope, true faith, and vision new,
With consciousness of power to do
What life reveals of higher view.

CANADIANS LOVE THE EMPIRE FLAG

DEAR, sacred Empire flag float high,
The grandest flag beneath the sky;
In honor's cause to make men free
Canadians proudly follow thee.

At Stony Creek and Queenston Heights
Canadians for their homes and rights
Around thee fought, that they might be
Forever Britons true and free.

At Lundy's Lane, with purpose high,
Canadians nobly dared to die,
And drove the bold invaders back
Because they loved the Union Jack.

For thee Canadians bravely fought
The brutal Huns as heroes ought,
At *Ypres, and won immortal fame,
And taught the world their country's name.

You proudly float o'er Vimy Heights,
To prove Canadians win their fights.
Their gallant deeds we'll ne'er forget;
They'll carry you in Berlin yet.

*One syllable—Eepr.

The flag of Wolfe and Wellington,
The flag 'neath which great Nelson won,
Shall lead Canadians evermore
To victory on sea and shore.

Float on, dear flag in majesty!
Our Empire flag, we'll follow thee
Till freedom, justice, right shall be
Triumphant on the land and sea.
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COMRADE FATHERS OF HEROIC SONS

FATHERS of noble sons are we—
Heroes who died for liberty;
Sons who to us will ever be
Living in loving memory.

Glad they were men whose hearts were true,
Proudly we saw them go to do
Duty for home and Empire, too;
Duty for right with vision new.

Sons such as ours brought no sad tears,
Lives such as theirs ne'er gave us fears,
Deep in our hearts through coming years
Grandly will ring their parting cheers.

MY VALIANT SON

For my dead son so dear
I shed a father's tear,
But in my heart I cheer,
Though eyes be dim.
True-hearted, strong and free,
A just, kind man was he,
A loving son to me.
Why mourn for him?

When duty's loud call came,
He went with heart afame,
And won an honored name;
My valiant son.
Had I more sons, they, too,
Would be, I know, as true,
And their whole duty do,
Till freedom won.

His place I cannot take,
But for my dead son's sake
New efforts I will make
For home and right.
No garb of mourning sad
I'll wear. My heart is glad
A son so true I had
To nobly fight.

Proudly I saw him go,
With his young life aglow,
To meet the ruthless foe,
 With hope and joy.
Mine will be joyous tears,
Mine will be grateful cheers,
Through all the coming years,
 For my brave boy.

JIM! COME IN TO-NIGHT

The moon had thrilled me oft before
With witching light,
But it had message new to me
That epoch night,
When Molly whispered sweetly, "Jim!
Come in to-night."

The past was swept away by love's
Resistless might;
The future shone with radiant glow
A vision bright;
I entered heaven, when Molly said,
"Come in to-night."

The memory is sacred still
Of that June night.
Life knows but once the ecstasy
Of pure delight
I felt, when Molly whispered, " Jim!
Come in to-night."

